

SALVATION REVOLUTION

HEALTH, HAPPINESS and HEAVEN.

THE SOCIAL SECRETARY.

But even this man, in an evil hour,
 allowed the world to overcome him.

and down he went beneath a wave of blasted hopes and prospects. He came a year ago to the Shelter, and was sent to the Colony, where he proved himself to be trustworthy. He has for some months past been employed in the most trustworthy position next to the officers at the Wilton Avenue Shelter.

HE ALONE is a proof of what our social operations are accomplishing. Many other men have found new ways of living, and socially have picked up wonderfully through the influence cast about them. H. W. C.

The J.S. Advance

Ensign Attwell, our old editorial comrade, returned from his first J.S. tour looking all the better for the long, long breaths of pure Ontario air he has inhaled. He spent four or five days in each place visited, explained the Company system, and organized or inspected, as the needs of the work demanded.



Ensign Attwell, J.S. Assistant of the Central Ontario Province.

He speaks hopefully of the J.S. future. Of course, there are many difficulties; one of the greatest resulting from the fact that J.S. work that was in existence has, in some cases, been let fall through.

Officers and soldiers are, however, very kindly disposed towards the children's work, and in some cases say, "It is just the thing wanted." The Company Lessons in the War Cry are much appreciated.

Over 60 places will be visited by Ensign Attwell before he completes his first itinerary. The tour he has just started on will last six weeks. He expects to visit all but the very distant corps before the Commandant leaves.



How they Welcomed the General in India

Oh, God, may all things work together for good to me! It is taken affliction, tribulation, persecution, to bring me to those for greatest spiritual power—for the perfect preparation of my character to reign with Christ—welcome it, Lord! Send me what is best.



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

(MY MOTTO)



FROM Mrs. Booth's Office Table.

"WORDS ON PAPER are so very poor to express the feelings of one's heart," says dear MRS. MAJOR STREETON, and I agree with her. It is very difficult to express how much blessing the practical sympathy and devotion of officers of her stamp bring to us. She is one of those who have stood the flight longest and bravest on this side of the ocean, as well as the other, whether to the battle's front on the platform, or wisely ruling her household behind the scenes—joyfully serving the Lord, whether dealing with souls in a crowded prayer meeting, or calmly cutting out clothing for her four tiny ones at home. What lessons some housekeepers might learn from many of our married warrior-women, whose houses remind one of the old Dutch description where everything is so clean, that you could "eat off the boards."

I was deeply touched by the letter from ADJUTANT ROBERT, the newly-arrived French officer in Montreal. Severed from all her childhood's associations, thousands of miles from her home, her country, and her comrades, how many would think it an excellent opportunity to fret and repine, in the midst of a strange people and many difficulties! But, no, there is not a word to be heard from her but praise and thanksgiving, faith and hope. Translated, her letter reads this way: "I have come with all my heart to work for the salvation of our dear Canadians, with full assurance of victory. The Lord, Who is faithful, will never leave us alone. Our congregations are very attentive; all they need is salvation. May God breathe upon us His Holy Spirit to arouse their sleeping consciences. I am so happy to be with you to help you in this glorious war. I am with you with all my heart to help you in your sorrows and to uphold you with my prayers and my fidelity in the service of the Master. You can count upon my affection," she says, "to obey you to the very end of your orders. I rejoice to tell you that my Lieutenant endorses all I say. She desires to send you many salutations. We are yours to suffer and to triumph."

What a beautiful idea there is in this verse that Ensign Galt quotes:

"If in the harvest
Some other should gather
Sheaves from the fields
Which in spring-time I've sown,
Who plowed or sowed
Matters not to the reaper,
I'm only remembered
By WHAT I HAVE DONE."

May the Lord help us all to do work that shall stand after us. May the Lord grant us a large portion of His own blessing, that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

MISS NEAL at Hamilton, tells me of the generous attitude of the Hamilton public towards our Rescue work. The Ministerial Association," she says, "wrote to us the other day inviting us to lay the matter of the Home before them. We went with Mrs. Ross on Monday, and were very kindly received. After we had given them facts concerning Hamilton's need of such work, the Rev. Dr. Smith, of the Centenary Methodist church, exclaimed that there was no doubt of the need. "And if we do not help

them," he added, "we had better stop singing 'Rescue the Perishing.'"

This is an instance of the character of the work that is constantly being carried on. One of the matrons writes: "There was a beautiful case went from the Rescue Home recently. The woman came to us about two months before, from jail. She got grandly converted, and in the meantime her husband also got thoroughly saved at the Barracks. Now they are together again. Although married five years, they only spent six months of it together, all through drink and sin. Three years of the time she passed in the Kingston penitentiary for stealing while under the influence of drink. Praise God for salvation!"

CAPTAIN ORCHARD thanks God for returning health and that He permits her to fill a place at the battle's front. "Honestly, I believe I can say," she writes, "that I have but ONE AMBITION, and that is to carry out God's purpose in my creation, and to glorify Him in all things. Lately I have had a greater longing than ever to be made MOULDABLE in His hands. Oh, that I may be more and more filled with the spirit of my Master!"

ENSIGN PUGH sends a pledge of good faith, speaking for Mrs. Pugh also: "We shall both go forward with the same spirit in the future as we have done in the past, striving to walk humbly in the sight of God, and with unswerving loyalty to the Army and its principles that we have made our own. Looking back over the past years, I can see nothing but love and kindness."

ADJUTANT MAGEE testifies: "I have complete victory in my soul! I have the assurance that my heart is clean, and that Jesus lives with me. I love my work. I have the assurance that God is going to break in upon me and give us many souls. The Lord will help me to carry out my convictions."

A sister declares: "It seems to me I am the weakest officer in the Army. I am constantly tempted to think, 'Oh, if somebody else were in my place they could do my work so much better. But I know it is God who has called me, and by His grace and strength I mean to be true.'"

ENSIGN WARD commits herself to the cause in this whole-hearted fashion: "Wherever you go, I promise you by the grace of God I will be loyal and true to God and the Army. I intend to do my very best for Jesus. My heart is too full, I cannot express my feelings in words, but I will leave it all with Him, and in His strength I will do my utmost, so that while I live my leaders and my God can depend on me."

Speaking of "burdens," LIEUTENANT VANCE exclaims: "Praise God, the greatest burden upon me is THE BURDEN OF SOULS. I bless Him for the love He has given me for my fellow-man. I pray, above all, that He may make me more useful in winning sinners for His Kingdom. I rejoice because I feel He leads me in the details of my life. I am glad I am not my own, and when He calls I MUST OBEY."

HELPS FOR J.S. SERGEANTS

MAJOR

Notes on the Manual Lessons for April 5th, 1899.

BY STAFF-CAPT. HARRIS

Math. II, 12-21.

Golden Text.—"Be thou there too, I bring thee word." verse 13.

Verse 12. "And being wanted of God in a dream," etc.

The wise men had just rendered that homage due to Jesus as King, and had presented to Him the most precious and costly gifts they had. They were prepared to return to their country, when God interposed, and showed them which way to take, so that the designs of the crafty, cruel Herod might be defeated.

LESSON.—First, the wise men presented their gifts to Jesus, then the gifts. This is the kind of service that requires from us. Isaiah is, 2, Isa. lxiii, 10.

APPLICATION.—To give homage to God is but a reasonable service (Romans xii, 1.) Do it now, within any reserve.

Verse 13. "And when they were parted," etc.

Note the danger Jesus was in, the command of God, and the reason given to Joseph why he was to flee to Egypt.

LESSON.—The more nearly we are connected to Christ, the more His protection and direction we may expect, and the more readily and cheerfully will God be obeyed.

APPLICATION.—The trial of our faith in times of difficulty and darkness will enable us to prove God's power, and will reveal to us His faithfulness. Not one word of His promises shall fail. (I Kings vi, 56.) He is faithful that promises (Hebrews x, 23; and 21, 11).

Verse 14. "When he arose," etc. Herod's prompt reply. The new revelation of God's will accepted without questioning. He had implicit and unhesitating faith in God, and God directed him what to do.

LESSON.—If we would enjoy the blessings of God in all our future life, we must yield a ready and cheerful obedience. He will abundantly reward those who are obedient. (Genesis xiii, 17-18.) He lost His kingdom through disobedience. (I Samuel xxv, 22-30.)

APPLICATION.—Do not try to be wise by self-reliance, and thus disobey Him. God can accept sacrifice when joined to His will.

Verse 15. "And was there until the death of Herod," etc.

God here disappointed the designs of Herod, and thus saved the child Jesus. He will prosper the means of His people's salvation. (Numbers xxiv, 8; Hosea xii, 1.)

LESSON.—However cruel and wicked men may be, God has a special care over His own children. (Daniel vi.)

APPLICATION.—The devil often shoots the mark, and what he is directed against the heart's children are often in the means of glorifying God and helping to advance His Kingdom.

Verse 16. "Then Herod, when he saw," etc.

Note Herod's disappointment, his wrath, his inhuman order, his determination that Jesus should not escape.

LESSON.—Wicked men seek to do us and every form of evil to gratify their own lusts and pride. Out of the heart proceedeth wickedness. (Mark vii, 21-23.) Hence the need of a Saviour to cleanse the heart and save us from sinners. (Isaiah lv, 7.)

APPLICATION.—He that makes one judgment may fall by the hands of another.

Verses 17 and 18. "Then was he killed," etc.

This prophecy was here fulfilled a second time. (See Jeremiah xxxi.) Many of these mothers despaired of Rachel, hence their weeping. They were presented as Rachel's weeping.

LESSON.—The preservation from this destruction of the children of God's care over His children is His greatest danger. (Daniel ix, xxvii, 18-19.)

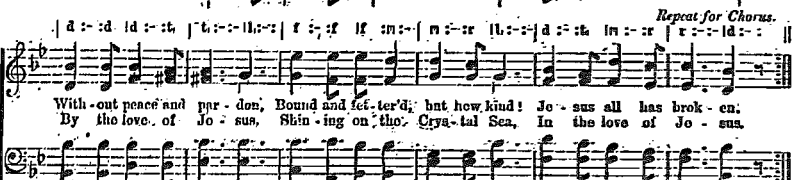
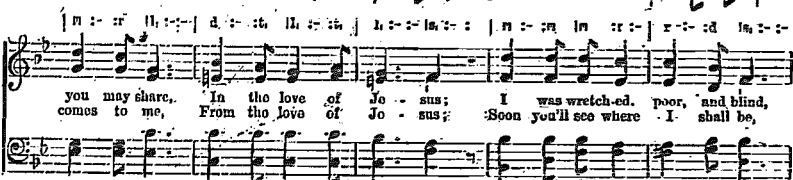
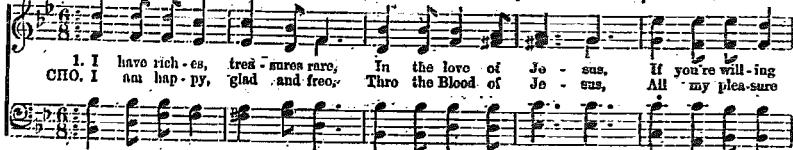
APPLICATION.—The wicked are always made manifest in their lips with His own children. We must not let our hearts be deceived by the words of the wicked.

IN THE LOVE OF JESUS.

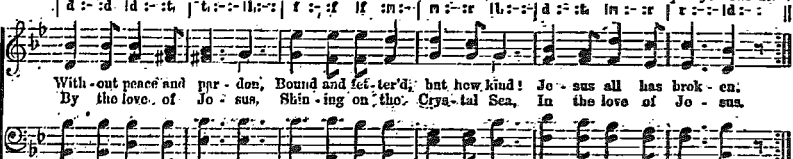
A Beautiful Song by the Commandant and Major Slater.

mf Allegretto.

Key Bb. | n : m | m : r : z : | r : z : d | m : z : | d : z : d | d : z : z : | z : z : z : | f : z : f | f : m :



Repeat for Chorus.



3 Of my treasures all I tell
In the love of Jesus?
Peace and pardon, joy as well
Brings the love of Jesus,
Grace when tempted, light to guide,
Comfort on paths dreary—
And I've many things beside—
Great has been God's mercy.

OUR
HOLINESS WITNESS BOX.

AN AUXILIARY

Lying Sick in

ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL, Vancouver, B.C.,

Tells of the Baptism of the
Holy Ghost and Fire.

The following is an extract from a private letter, and was not intended for publication by the writer, who is known well enough to us to warrant the truth of this story.—Ed.)

TO TELL you the many things that God has taught me during the last two years would be impossible; he has saturated me with Himself and purged away a tremendous amount of dross. He has illuminated my mind with holy light, and a great deal of darkness has been dispelled. He has shown me how to live, and His purpose for me is my redemption—my perfection. I AM SATISFIED that, if I am going to leave to be with Jesus, I MUST BE LIKE HIM—SIN-LESS. He came to show us the way Himself, and to tread the path over which we must go. He and I did not only for our sins, but to give us His life to dwell in us, to be our teacher and guide. The whole work is His from first to last, but it is a practical work. He baptizes with fire and the Holy Ghost. We are purified by passing through the Holy Consuming Fire, and we are perfected through suffering.

I have a great love for the Apostle Peter; my experience has been somewhat like his. I am learning my lesson rapidly and pressing onward the mark of perfection, knowing that the work is His, and all I can do is to submit and trust in faithful obedience.

Our experiences are not alike. Some are naturally of a trusting, clinging nature; to such the Baptism of Fire will probably be a FLOODING OF THE SOUL with love—divine, holy love. But it is not so with me. I still feel the nails and the thorns, but they are not grievous. I have learned to love them as a stately gracious friend; not murmuring, but willing in resignation knowing that in the world it is my lot, and that I shall be brought off more than conqueror through Him that loves me, persuaded that my Lord can destroy the enemies within and keep me victorious over those that are without, and that the end and purpose of everything that happens to me is my good, providing I am trusting in His love and power.



A Light Brigade Story.

By SAM. U. ELL

CHAPTER I

THE G. B. M. AGENT—A GUILTY CONSCIENCE—A SLEEPLESS NIGHT—A KIND MISTRESS—SHE HAD AN ADMIRER.

"How, really, I have not the time, Captain!" So spoke Susie M., in answer to her Captain, who, after a beautiful, God-led soldier's meeting one night last fall, had asked her to fill a position that had long been vacant in the corps. The emphasis given to the word "really" caused the Captain to look at the fair face of the young girl before him still more intently, and as her eyes met his, the crimson flood mounted to her cheeks and suffused her whole face, with a condemning effect, far stronger than words could ever have effected. With a great effort to recover her composure, she repeated the statement, and turned to move away.

"Well, Sister M., if you can truthfully before God say so, that ends the matter." And with a "Good night" and a "God bless you" she went into the quarters to announce to Captain X., the Light Brigade P. A., the result of his effort.

Let us pause a moment, and see what had led up to the above scene. For a long time the position of Local Agent for the Light Brigade had been vacant; indeed, it might truly be said that it had never had an occupant. The P. A. had visited the corps some months previous, and had approached the officer then in charge with a view of securing an agent, but, for some reason or other, the

Captain "could not recommend any one." In fact, there is nobody to take it," he had said; "Sister T., is War Cry Sergeant, Bro. F., is bandmaster, and Mrs. G. has a sick husband;" and so on, mentioning all those who WERE at work, but entirely forgetting those who were NOT.

THIS CAPTAIN FAREWELL,

and along came another who loved the G. B. M. box for the work's sake, and who fully realized what a mighty factor it was; not only in raising funds for the Social, but in making friends for the local corps. And so, when the P. A. came along and appealed to him for his help, he rallied to his side, and looking over his soldiers, came to the conclusion that Sister Susie M. was the one for the position. This explanation given, let us return to the subject of our story.

After leaving the barracks, Susie wended her way homeward, musing over the events of the evening. She remembered her testimony, how she had told her comrades—aye, told God Himself—that she wanted to do all she could to extend His Kingdom, and like a flash came the query, "Do you mean that?" With an impatient gesture, she thrust back the thought, and hastened on.

That night, before retiring to rest, she, as usual, opened her Bible to read a portion, but the words she read failed to bring the same peace and comfort to her as heretofore. She closed the book and knelt to pray. Burying her head in her hands, she sought to utter her petition, but instead of feeling her Father's presence, she saw rise up before her, as it were, a black cloud, which seemed to have written across it, in letters of fire, her utterance of the evening,

"REALLY, I HAVE NOT TIME."

and underneath, in glaring capitals, the one word, LIE! At or for the first time in three years she retired to bed without commending with her God-retired to bed, but not to sleep. For hours she tossed to and fro, seeking in vain for slumber. In horror spectral form the barracks scene arose before her, and again she heard, as clearly as though uttered

by some living person at her bedside, the same old words living, "Sister M.—a professedly sanctified Salvation Army soldier—in the secret recesses of her own heart, at any rate, as a LIAR."

At last, wearied in body, after shed during scalding bitter tears, she fell into a restless sleep, awaking at day-break to the duties of another day with a bitterness of spirit that she had never before experienced. Prayerlessly, she descended to her accustomed work, whilst the tempter came to her, instilling into her heart a score of excuses, or "extenuating circumstances."

Let us, as privileged persons, get behind the scenes—get at the back of Susie's brain, and see just where she had falsified. Susie was a hired girl, earning an honest, hard-earned living. She was a good worker, and more fortunate than the majority of her class, for she had a kind, considerate mistress—a consistent Christian, a member of the Methodist Church. Moreover, Susie was a privileged character; her mistress had said, "I engaged her, some two years previously," "I see you are a Salvation Army soldier," as Susie stood before her in

HER NEAT BLUE DRESS,

with badge at neck, and regulation bonnet. "And though I do not approve of ALL your methods, I can see the work that is being done. I know you are expected to attend the meetings as often as possible. You are, therefore, at liberty to do so. Every evening of the week is at your disposal, excepting Wednesday, which is my prayer meeting night," adding, "and to make up for that evening every Wednesday and Saturday afterwards."

Susie appreciated this very much, and rightly thought that she had indeed got into clover; and, being a girl of good principles—even before she was saved—she took with a will, showing her gratitude for the kind treatment she received by rendering faithful service.

Having thus seen what time Susie had to devote each week, let us find out just how she spent her spare time. Her attendance at the meet-



ings was as good as could be desired by any officer. She was

ALWAYS IN HER PLACE

on the march, rain or shine; and no one over thought of taking the end seat in the second row on the platform, because "Sister M." was sure to be there." Oh, no; nobody could find fault with Anna about her attendance! But what about the two afternoons each week?

On this hinges the whole secret of our sister's trouble. Susie was a good girl, as we have already seen, and like nearly all good girls,

SHE HAD AN ADMIRER.

Now, I suppose my readers will at once run away with the idea that she spent her free afternoons with her George. If so, you are mistaken, my friend. Susie was not the girl to be seen walking in daylight through the streets of the town she lived in with her gentleman friend. Oh, no! And, besides, George worked in the tannery ten hours each day, and therefore had to do his courting, as he said, "in odd moments."

(To be continued.)

OUR LOCAL OFFICERS' CORNER.

Secretary Casbin, of Halifax I, Gives a Few Pointers

It is the privilege of every Christian to rejoice under all circumstances if they will but yield themselves and their all to God, and go forth to perfectly trust and obey Him in all things. Some people think this is too much to do when they want something easier; but it is the easiest, the best, and the only successful way of being what God wants His children to be. It is hard to have victory if the soul is not walking in the light.

We love God as much as we love one another, and the souls of men and women.

Believe in God. Believe in what He says. Believe His promises to every sinner. Believe by acting upon it, and coming to Him, and receiving of Him what He has promised to bestow upon every earnest sinner.

If we are Salvationists, we ought to be careful not to grieve God by thought, word or deed, but to be humble, child-like, kind, loving, prayerful, not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, instant in season and out of season.

DON'T grumble; don't gossip; don't speak evil of your comrade, or your neighbor; don't criticize; don't envy one another; don't say you're saved when you practise and harbor such evils. These are some of the reasons why some of God's people are dumb and cannot testify, or pray, etc.

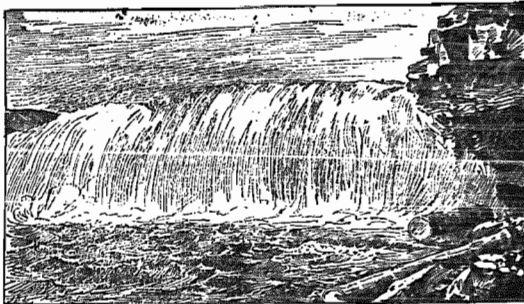


Then we were almost overcome with laughter when we got the biggest slinger in the town saved.

Naval and Military League.

FIFTY SOULS AT BERMUDA AND THIRTY OF A CORPS.

The monthly letter from Major Lewis reports over two hundred and sixty members of the League. During one month 50 souls were saved in the meetings held at Bermuda by the men-of-war members, and when Ensign Doubleday visited the place she found a blood and fire corps of 80 blue-jackets Leaguers.



RAINBOW FALLS, at high water, just below Great Falls.

GREAT FALLS

Montana.

S. W. BARBEE WRITES UP THE ARMY IN THAT CITY.

The history of the Salvation Army in Great Falls dates back three years. In March, 1893, Messrs Oxley and Jackson, of the Helena, Montana, corps, pioneered the work here by holding a series of meetings. Jackson was a reformed drunkard, and for more than a year after the Army corps was organized remained in active co-operation with it, and is now a worker in the corps at Missoula, Montana. Oxley, or, as he was more familiarly known, "Nervy Jim," was a convert from the worst forms of dissipation, including drunkenness, gambling, and the opium habit. The Army found him in Helena a total wreck, and dying by inches, and after days and nights of faithful watching and praying they were permitted, under God, to see him again on his feet and a soldier, fighting under the banner of the yellow, red and blue. From some cause he became disaffected by-and-by toward the people who had done so much for him, and, quitting there, he joined the Methodist Episcopal church, and is now a preacher in the pastoral relation in that church. I have heard from his own lips the story of his life and the self-sacrificing work the Army performed to reclaim and save him, and it is a great surprise that the remainder of his life work should not have been among the people who sacrificed so much for him.

The Army corps was organized at Great Falls by Captains Smith and Cadot Miller in May, 1893. Lieut. Lincoln reinforced them about two weeks later. The organization was effected in a frame building on Second avenue South, but after two weeks a larger hall in the Gore Block, First avenue South and Park Drive, was rented at fifty dollars per month. Capt. Smith, who was in charge of the corps at this time, had been a cowboy, and his father, a well-to-do rancher at the time of his conversion, tried to persuade him not to join the Army and become an officer thereof; promising him that he would set him up in business if he would comply with his wishes in this regard. But young Smith had made up his mind to be a soldier, and after having been promoted to the rank of Captain, he was, in the course of time, stationed at

Great Falls, and did some fine work in the service of the Master while here.

The corps now was without a leader, and remained so for about two weeks, when Captain Candler and Lieutenant Siegle assumed control. Soon after Capt. Candler took charge the barracks was removed to a place on Central avenue.



PETER THOMPSON, Great Falls.

About this time a city official was installed who was unfriendly to the Army. Trouble began to be experienced. The city police tried to prevent the Army from marching on the streets. Failing in this, the Chief of Police designated a place where the Army should hold their open air, and fixed a "dead" line, beyond which they should not pass, on penalty of losing their liberty and being punished by fine and imprisonment.

One night in February, 1894, Captain Candler ventured across the dead line, and at once he was seized by

"BIG JOE," A POLICEMAN,

and hurried off to jail. The remainder of the corps, with drum and tambourine, followed in the wake of the policeman and their leader, beating and singing in notes of anticipated victory, until the jail was reached and their loved Captain was put behind the bars. They then returned to their hall and concluded the meeting.

Having learned of the trouble, and seeing the surging crowds near my place of business, I shut my door and went to the jail and offered bail for the imprisoned officer. The authorities were unwilling to release the Captain, and said they would not do it. I told them I knew

MY RIGHTS AS A CITIZEN,

and that every man was equal under

the law. They finally told me that if I would deposit a cash bail the prisoner would be released. I produced this, and took Captain Candler out of jail and defended him, and pleaded the cause of the Army the next day before the city court.

WE GAINED A SIGNAL VICTORY

for civil and religious liberty. From that day to this the Army has not been unsuccessful, and the city attorney told me that if they should ever be arrested he would not prosecute them.

A few months later Captain Candler went on a visit to his brother in the State of New York. Lieut. Siegle went to Seattle to rest.

(To be continued.)

WEST ONTARIO

THE CLOSING CAMPAIGN - THE WINDSOR REVIVAL - GUELPH AND CHATHAM VICTORIES - THE TALENT SCHEME.

The battle is on CLOSING CAMPAIGN, the burning question of the hour. Troops in fever heat; every target in danger of being shattered.

THE HALF NIGHT of prayer in London was a time of power. Eighteen sought mercy, or "the second blessing."

WINDSOR IS throbbing in the throes of a beautiful and blessed revival; souls being saved every day. A good break has been made, too, at Bayfield, over 20 souls being captured. Dryton has rejoiced over four.

THE P. S. HAS spent week ends in Guelph and Chatham. Out of four souls who sought salvation at the former, two were husband and wife. At the latter place 12 seekers sent for salvation and sanctification.

The Talent Scheme targets are guaranteed, and THE CLOSING CAMPAIGN is to be brought to a glorious finish, to the glory of God.

CAPT. SECOND did a good stroke on route to her new appointment by collecting \$1 in her Talent Scheme box on the train, and getting a gentleman to take a box, with the promise that it should be returned with \$5 inside in the near future.

J. E. M.

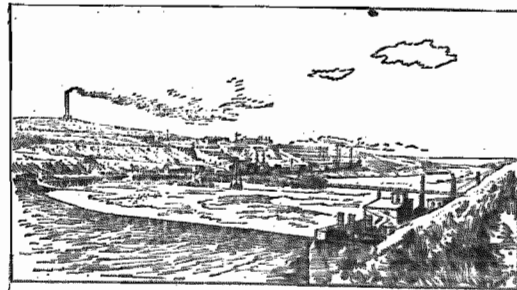
Home at Last.

"Gathering home, gathering home, Fording the river one by one."



This time the call came for our comrade, ex-Lieut. Smith, of the eastern, formerly of the Rescue work in Toronto, when Mother Thank was in charge. She was changed over there to Stratford Rescue Home, where her mother's illness compelled her return to her home in America, where she remained till death.

In speaking of her approaching death, she expressed her desire that a few lines should be put in the War Cry when it did occur, just to let the comrades know she was dead. Her death was announced by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Presbyterian minister, assisted by Rev. Mr. Methodist minister, and was attended - Capt. J. H. H.



BLACK EAGLE FALLS, DAN AND COPPER BELLS.

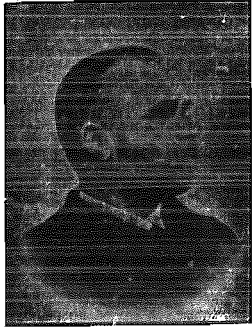
Icelandic Items

FROM

Our Special Correspondent, Capt. Davidson, Editor of the Icelandic War Cry.

NO SNOW IN ICELAND NOW.

It is true that we are situated many hundred miles nearer the North Pole than you are, but as I write (4th Feb.) there is neither ice nor snow to be seen anywhere, only on the tops of the highest mountains just across the bay. The streets are wet and muddy from the rain last night, while the sun, which is peeping up over the horizon, sends its warm rays in through our windows. "Just like a Canadian spring day," said I to my comrades this morning; only the day is so short, the sun will be down again at 3 o'clock.



Mr. Brown Johnson, Editor of the "Infold," Iceland's largest paper, and an ardent friend of the Army.

But although we have now this beautiful atmosphere and smiling nature, still the world—I mean the busy, bustling cities of civilization—seems to have great prejudice against our lovely little island. Especially does it slum us this time of the year. It is now two months and a half since we watched the last mail steamer steam out of the harbor towards the sunny south, and since then we have had no communication with the outside world. The steamer that should have arrived last week is out of sight yet; and it is of no use, though I go up on the hill above our "citadel" every morning and try to catch a glimpse of her looming up over the horizon. No, I can only see the angry waves dashing against the headland rocks yonder!

OUR ICELANDERS' ADVANCE.

The Salvationists have, however, been going about their business during these dark and dreary winter hours. Advances have been made in every direction, souls have been saved, etc.

FEEDS THE HUNGRY.

At Christmas we had a magnificent feast for poor children. The leading paper, "Infold," has the following to say about it:—"A Christmas treat for poor children has never been held here in such a real and practical style as on (20th Dec.) by the Salvation Army. The officers had hunted up and gathered together 115 of the poorest children to be found within the town limits, and banqueted them in their barracks on Church street, which was beautifully decorated and well lighted, with a magnificent Xmas tree in the centre of the hall, laden with a lot of gifts as usual.

"The arrangements, discipline and order was most remarkable. One soldier was set to command each company of eight children, under a supreme command of the Army officers. A suitable hymn was sung before and after the meal, and then the children marched around the tree with song and music.

"At the close each child received a small and generous gift of clothing, such as socks and waistcoats, coats and shirts, etc., all out and sewed to fit, which is the best proof of the earnestness and affection these people display in their philanthropic under-

takings—although the thanks on the part of the public will likely be the same as before, partly in provoking insults on the Salvation troops when they assemble together, with plenty of prejudice from the 'better class,' so-called."

GOD BLESS THE PRESS.

The editor of the above-named paper is our ardent friend, and has been over since we first landed here. Being a practical, intelligent, far-sighted man, he has fearlessly taken his stand on our side, and in many ways exhibited his interest and sympathy towards the Army.

Our War Cry, "Herald," is gaining ground, glory to God! So far it is paying its own way, although we have only one corps. It is the best illustrated paper ever published in Iceland. A special Easter Cry is coming.

THE WINNIPEG BOY.

Capt. Davidson has been "rusting." He played out at Christmas, and was put in the corner for a month. Now he is peeping out again, thank God! There are a few other things I would have said, but there is more "copy" wanting for our own Cry, so I'll have to say "Adieu" until —?

TH. J. DAVIDSON,
Hilprodsherinn.



"Let the Army have her."

'LET THE ARMY HAVE HER.'

A Thrilling Instance of Social Work in Britain.

Where should she go? She wandered down the crowded streets in a whirl of amusement. Light, color, bustle, the rush of a thousand giddy feet, the hoarse laugh—she half-saw or half-heard these things, but in a sort of dream wandered on. Her very heart was sick! The white blaze of electric lights at the Criterion nearly turned her giddy, and she wandered up and down Regent street.

It was growing late. Decent people were on their way home, and there was a rush of cabs from all parts to the wicked centre of midnight London. From the gay apartments a crowd of reprobates, in evening dress, came reeling, and caught Mary by the arm. Instinctively she drew back and darted into a bye street, but the problem faced her still: time was speeding. Whither should she go?

For she had never been down that

wicked street before. By a mere trivial misunderstanding about a tea-kettle, she had "fallen out with the mistress," and left her place at a minute's notice. (Oh, the broken hearts and ruined lives that are the outcome of petty squabbles! Oh, the little, peevish spirits that must fight and snarl and growl when the simplest word would equally avail!) To spend her money in "kneeling the night" and to find herself homeless and penniless was not what Mary had intended. Nevertheless, it had come to that. And, as the tall, drunken man at the circus corner first plucked a superb white camellia from the flower-girl, and then, in a mad, laughing fit, flung it into the mud, Mary shrank into herself and shuddered. Somehow, she felt there might very nearly be a dreadful kind of analogy between herself and the flower.

"Now you're done!" cried Laura; "a pretty figure you are; spoll'd your hat, too. Well, you'll soon get another. Here, come along and have a drop of brandy; you look frightened."

Laura was a little girl with dyed golden hair and a large grail of black hair. Active, and with a strong vein of good nature, she was a characteristic Pleadily figure; but Mary, of course, knew her not.

"Come on," she reiterated; "you'll get run in if you're not careful. The

worse for drink, for having but little food all day the alcohol influenced her the quicker. With a strong effort to stand upright, she staggered into the stout woman's arms, and that person, delighted to play the part of a friendly assistant, linked arms, and proposed an adjournment to her villa at St. John's Wood.

"Time, gentlemen, time!" The barman shouted the usual warning, and commenced to turn down the lights. There was a rush of fast people from the street, anxious to secure one last drink before the "houses" closed. In the bustle and scurry Mrs. Mortimer drew Mary close to the doors of the place were being bolted, whispered to one of the ruffians called "runners," who, ready to carry messages to the night clubs, lounge about the public-houses, "Jim, fetch a cab round to the 'Green Dragon'; I'll be there in two minutes."

Suddenly Laura came rushing through the crowd. "Oh, there you are, are you, Mrs. Mortimer?" she screamed. "You think you're going to take that girl off, do you? But you won't, no, not a bit of it."

The Pleadily girl is not always as black as she is painted. There are kind-hearted women in the mud, who, even if they won't pity themselves, will pity others, and Laura was one of them.

"Let her go!" she screamed; "I'll—"
"Move on, here; move on!" shouted the big policeman. "What's up now? Here, take this girl away," he continued, speaking to Mrs. Mortimer, or you'll both get to the station, sharp."

But Laura was determined, and throwing herself upon her foe, would have attacked her with might and main, but that she caught sight of two Army lancers.

"Let the Army have her!" she screamed.
A crowd had rapidly gathered, for a quarrel and a fight are of interest to Pleadily. Mrs. Mortimer began to tremble, for several detectives knew her character only too well. She might be arrested and her establishment closed. It would be best to let her prey go.

"Let the Army have her!" reiterated Laura.
Mrs. Mortimer disappeared into the darkness, and the Army took poor Mary home, just in time to save her from a life of untold sorrow.

W. H. H.

DRANK HIS SAWMILL.



CARELESS EATON—He drank his sawmill.

A piece of excellent advice is contained in an incident some one tells as follows:

Tom met an old friend, who was formerly a prosperous young lumberman up in northern Minnesota, but whose bad habits of drinking brought him to a pretty "hard-up" condition, although he has since reformed and is doing better.

"How are you?" asked Tom.
"Pretty well, thank you; but I have just seen a doctor to have him examine my throat."

"What's the matter?"
"Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least he could not find what I want to find."

"What did you expect him to find?"
"I asked him to look down my throat for the sawmill and lara that had gone down there in drink."

"And did he see anything of it?"
"No; but he advised me if I ever got another mill to run it by water."

police won't stand much from our sort, and I'm always sorry to see a girl 'up a tree."

"Up a what?" stammered Mary.
The other girl laughed so loudly that a passing soldier stopped to swear at her, but, striking him on the head with her umbrella, and leaving him to pick his hat from the corner, where a dozen willing feet immediately kicked it, she caught Mary's arm and pulled her into an adjacent public-house.

"She's a new girl," said a stout, finely-dressed woman, reputed to be the proprietress of an infamous resort. "I never saw her before, and how that Laura's got hold of her goodness only knows."

"She might as well be with Laura as with you. Come now, Mrs. Mortimer, Laura's as kind-hearted a girl as you'll find in Pleadily."

There was a slither look on the stout woman's face as she crossed over into the bar where the other two were drinking, but she was smiling as she nodded to Laura, and offering to "stand drinks," she carefully ingratiated herself with Mary.

"You're quite new here, my dear, I think?"
"Quite." Mary was already the

EX-CAPT ARTHUR SLATE has been re-accepted and appointed to Goderich. You'll soon hear of some salvation being blowing on the shores of Lake Huron.

Furious Field Fighting—The Farewell Campaign Progresses.

TWENTY-SIX FOR SALVATION.

BAYFIELD CORPS, in the W.O.P., is pushing the Farewell Campaign successfully. Capt. Louise Secord reports seeing twenty-six people at the penitential form during the last three weeks. Glory be to God! Capt. Secord is "treveling."

YELLOW AND RED AND BLUE, HURRAH!

BRIGADIER MARGETTES led a very interesting musical dedication meeting at Galt. He gave to God and 'the Army, Captain and Mrs. Fisher's three children. The little ones were dressed in yellow, red and blue. The people's hearts were touched by the proceedings, and one soul got saved. Eugene Savage led a red-hot farewell testimony meeting. Brother Thomson, of Berlin, and Capt. Mackenzie got dancing happy. On Saturday night a dear drunkard came to the penitential form. God sobered him and saved his soul. He was at knee-drill on Sunday morning. Captain and Mrs. Fisher farewelled, and their old comrades pray God to prosper them in their new field of labor.

LANTERN LIGHT.

CAPTAIN SIMMS visited Point St. Charles on a recent Friday night, and conducted a well-appreciated lantern service.

SALVATION FOR EVER.

THERE HAVE BEEN some big storms at Freeport, N.S., but the storms have not kept the power of God away, although it thinned the congregations. The night-of-prayer in connection with the Farewell Campaign was one of the most blessed times. Captain Sparks had over experienced. The soldiers took mighty hold of God, and heaven came near. Look out for news of victory.

SALVATION AND WAR PAINT.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., is still booming. Meetings in connection with the Farewell Campaign are splendid. Twenty-nine people have sought salvation since the last report was sent from this place. Some people leave the meetings unmoved, but when they get home they are unable to sleep until they yield themselves to God. The cottage meetings are a great help and blessing to those who attend. On Sunday nights the barracks is packed to its utmost capacity. The night is in doing well. One of the brothers has had the painters come to paint the large hall, and some of the painters are going to do the work. Mrs. Jover has only to ask for what she wants to get it. So says Sergt.-Major Clark.

ADJUTANT MCGILLIVRAY THERE.

WONDERFUL TIMES at Fredericton, N.B. On Thursday and Friday nights Adjutant McGillivray, and Lieutenant Fleming, of Fairville, led on. Lieutenant Fleming stayed for the week-end. Two persons sought the blessing of a clean heart. Two prodigals returned at night. A Salvation dance was indulged in at the finish.

NEWCASTLE.

THE INDIVIDUAL whose portrait appeared some time ago in the War Cry, and underneath it a request for prayer that he might be saved, has, we rejoice to say, got converted. The prayers of God's people are answered. There have also been one for salvation and two for sanctification at Newcastle.

TALKED TO 1,000.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargraves visited the Temple on Sunday. The corps is on the rise in every way. The meetings were splendid. Eight souls came to the cross. Four hundred War Cry tracts were sold at the penitential last week. The congregation on Sunday night numbered fifteen or sixteen hundred people.

THE LATEST ABOUT KINGSTON.

Packed Monday night. Nearly

all the converts of past Sunday night present, and testified to the keeping power of God.

Sergeant's meeting during the week enthusiastic and likely to produce good results in more real, definite work for God's Kingdom. Numbers and spirit of knee-drill improving. One seeker for holiness Sunday morning. Magnificent meetings afternoon and night. Hall crowded. Greatest crowds for ordinary meetings that have been for years. Staff-Capt. Southall gave beautiful Bible reading in the afternoon. At night we wound up with thrice in the fountain. Talent Schenno going to boom spirituality, too! Montreal and Toronto must look out.

ADJUTANT M. ROBERT,

— OR —

The French-Canadian Work in Montreal.



SENDS GREETING.

My Dear Comrades and Friends,—It is with pleasure that I send you these few lines, to tell you that, although a stranger in this country, I love you with a true affection. Since we came to Montreal we have received many blessings. Thanks to the dear officers who have so anxiously striven to give us a hearty welcome, our welcome meetings to the French hall, as well as the English, have been blessed. We finished up with two souls at the penitential form. Let me tell you that I feel already perfectly at home amongst you. I feel that the Spirit is the same here as in France, and that we are members of one great family. I have fought in France and Switzerland for over ten years. It is in Geneva, where our much-loved Marchale opened fire, that I received my first experience in the S. A. fight. How many struggles and persecutions we have had to face, but also how many victories! Great numbers of people who were walking in the greatest darkness have been brought to the light, and are praising God for a wonderful salvation. Only eternity will reveal all that has been accomplished through the perseverance and fidelity of the officers. And it is with this determination my dear Lieutenant and I desire to lift the banner of salvation high, and Ho who is faithful will not allow us to work in vain. I ask for your prayers and faith, my dear comrades and friends. Our difficulties are many, but with the power from on high we shall be victorious. The welcome letters which we received from our dear Canadian leaders have been a great blessing and encouragement to our souls. Many thanks for your prayers and sympathy.

Affectionately yours to the fight,

M. ROBERT, ADJ.



PROMOTIONS—

Captain Bolden, of Children's Shelter, Toronto, to be SERGEANT.

Leah, Chapman, of Children's Shelter, Toronto, to be Captain.

Gold Taylor, of Toronto Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

Herbert M. Brown, Commissioned.

— THE —

FRANCO-SWISS FAREWELL.

A Splendid Letter from Commissioner and Marchale Booth-Clibborn to their Troops.

The letter was written and standing in type for the three Franco-Swiss papers before the Commissioner and the Marchale knew anything of the trouble in the New York disquietudes. It would have appeared earlier but that the Franco-Swiss leaders were cast campaigning in d-different parts of France, and they were so sure that the announcement would come out so soon. It was written without any other manifestos having been read in order that it should be an uncolored expression of personal feeling un-influenced by any other Commissioner's manifesto.

COMMISSIONER AND MARCHALE BOOTH-CLIBBORN, on receiving orders to farewell, issued to their soldiers in Franco and Switzerland a farewell letter, which is a magnificent testimonial to the faithfulness of the French Commissioners to Salvation Army principles. Here are a few paragraphs:—

Soldiers: We have received our marching orders from the General.

Lads, you are soldiers, and will receive this news in the true spirit of soldiers, and in proportion as you will on this occasion show the spirit of universal love, which rises above frontiers and persons, in that proportion you will show that you are animated by the true spirit of warriors of the Kingdom of God.

Those circumstances afford us a new opportunity to prove our confidence in our beloved General whom God has placed at the head of this vast organization, and our faith in the efficacy of the thousand prayers which rise daily to God for him that he may be guided in his decisions. For those who know how much the General is surrounded by prayer, and by those lights which he seeks after consultation with those who have estimated the most capable by their positions and their experience to offer an opinion of value upon any question, whether it be that of direction of leadership of a territory or any other, and whether these officers be those of his immediate Staff, or leaders of foreign countries, for all those, we repeat, we know the strength of our General's decision, the obedience to marching orders is not alone an act of discipline, but is also an act of faith.

It would have been to us an unspeakable joy if Providence had permitted the realization of the hopes of our hearts that we might have been able to consecrate our entire lives to the salvation of souls in France and Switzerland, and there die at our post. But we know God does all things well, and our joy will be to do all His will, whatever that may be.

We love each officer and soldier of this country with a love that can only be measured by what they cost our Master, our leaders and ourselves, and our devoted helpers in this desperate war. You know the history of this struggle. You know how all the powers of evil were united against us to make our work impossible. You know through what calumnies, persecutions, expulsions and imprisonments we have passed, for you have passed through them at our side, and you have been enabled, and we have been enabled, to stand up in suffering for Him. The God who has led and sustained us by step since the days of Rue d'Angoulême, where, in Paris, were laid the first foundations of this work under those circumstances of extreme isolation, weakness and difficulties that you know of, He only can understand what is passing in our hearts at this hour.

Finally, prepare yourselves to welcome with great cordiality and confidence those who have received us to facilitate their task by all possible means, and to profit by the special advantages which will be afforded you by this double occasion of our departure and their arrival to win souls for God. Save souls! Save souls! Save souls!

Yours for time and eternity in the indescribable bonds of divine love and universal love.

Arthur and Catherine Booth-Clibborn.

FROM THE NEW OPENINGS.

Jamestown, North Dakota.

COLOURS PRESENTED—TWENTY SOLDIERS ENROLLED—AN OFFICER'S QUARTERS FURNISHED—VISIT OF MAJOR BENNETT AND STAFF.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Ensign MacNamara, the D. O., Adj. Dawling, and the P. S. visited this new corps. The Court House was kindly let to us for the meeting. This special meeting was arranged to present the colours, and enroll the first batch of recruits. The D. O., who was on her first visit, was also to be introduced. After the introduction of the Ensign, and some testimonials, the colours were presented by the Major. The Adjutant enrolled 20 recruits under the new flag. It was a sight to be remembered, as the twenty comrades stood in front of the crowd while the articles of war were being read. Thus the corps was formed, and twenty soldiers took their stand for God and the Army. At the close one sinner came to the cross.

The Jamestown people, both saints and sinners, have received the Army with open arms, and have helped the officers freely with their money, also with their good wishes. A fine officers' quarters has been fitted up, although the corps has only been opened a little over six weeks. The future is full of promise.—H. R.

(Crowded out last week.—E.L.)

WORK PROGRESSES ALL ROUND—THIRTEEN MORE SAVED.

Since last report thirteen precious souls have found Jesus. Friends are very kind. We have a nice quarters together; the people came to our help and gave us everything we needed. "Onward" is our motto.—Capt. Hattie Fisher.

THREESALON'S LATEST BULLETIN.

Victory is ours; two souls on Friday night and live to-night, making twenty souls for the month. Our trust is in God. I do wish we had a drum.—Yours in Jesus, H. Fisher.

VALLEY CITY, N. D.

CITIZENS LOVE THE ARMY—TWENTY-FIVE SOULS—BIG CROWDS NIGHTLY.

Arrived here at 3 a.m., Friday, 28th Feb. Ensign Bob Smith, assisted by Lieut. Parkinson, had already begun the attack and captured three or four souls before we arrived, and were crowded nightly. People very kind; help furnish quarters. About two-thirds of the population are foreigners, mostly Norwegians. They love the Army, and can come to church every night, most instances on a week or fortnight. Nine have professed conversion this last week, and in all, since opening, about twenty-five have stepped over the line into salvation. God gets all the glory, and we go in to win more souls for Him. Capt. and Mrs. Elliott.

MANDON, N.D.

PRISONERS CAPTURED EVERY NIGHT! We have got up our platform. The Rev. Mr. Dingle, Methodist minister, who is a good carpenter, was the boss of the job; he was a real Salvationist. After we got our platform up and were preparing to leave, a dear old man was in the bar racks who had been attending our meetings, and was so convicted he could not sleep. He had come in town to drown his sorrows with drink, but he could not, so he came to the barracks and got saved. We soon dropped our tools, had a prayer meeting, and helped him into the Kingdom, praise God!

At night the barracks was packed: deep conviction, and one sister surrendered. The people gave us the money to pay for the platform at night, after it was up. I received a letter this morning from the postmaster at FORT BAKER to come and have meetings there, but our hall is crowded every night, so that we have all we can do here at present.—M. Ayre, Adj.



A Novel Idea.

Capt. Scobell has sent to Major Bend one of the G. B. M. boxes with a little chain attached thereto, as a sample. With it he has sent a postcard, on which he says that he is having one of these boxes chained to almost every railway depot and ticket counter in his Province, and the ticket agents are taking hold of the idea in a splendid manner. When the ticket agent shoves up the window and begins to sell tickets he pops out the box, and when the train is gone pulls it in again. Now, ye other Provincial Agents, what do you think of this new and startling manoeuvre? He is also getting them into saloons.

FROM THE PACIFIC.

Newslets and Funnygrams.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. PHILLIPS—THE CRUSADERS' OUTSIDERS SOUSA'S BAND—BUTTE'S ADVANCES—NEW OPENINGS.

We have welcomed Adj. and Mrs. Phillips, and the Adjutant has been in it up to the eyes. Mrs. Phillips has already made a trip through Montana, and had a good time. She took with her a trunk of uniform, covered by bonnets and dress goods, and has helped a number of our sisters into uniform.

THE CRUSADERS' BAND—AN EVENTFUL TRIP.

The Crusaders received their brand new uniform at Helena, and look like proper blood and fire bandmen now. They gave Great Falls a lift during the Major's visit, and then made a trip through the mining district of the belt mountains, where they met with good success, and are now on their way to Marysville, where they will arrange for a proper opening. This will be the third place regularly opened, after the band has done the preliminaries. The first was Lewiston, Idaho, where the band had nine converts, one of which number carried on some prayer meetings, and soon after that we opened as a corps there. The second place was Wallace, Idaho, where the boys made the seats and fixed up the hall ready for the officers, who soon followed, and now they will do the same for Marysville.

SOUSA'S BAND NOT IN IT!

Some people in a certain city said that they would sooner hear our band than the renowned "Sons of Boud," which had been in that place a few days before. Just wait and watch what the Crusaders' will yet develop into. By the way, if you are a bandman you should apply at once to Major Friedrich, Spokane, as he wants some more bandmen.

BOOMING ALONG AT BUTTE.

Butte is booming. Scores of souls professed salvation, and the marches and attendance have increased very much indeed. The new hall there is very small, so that for some time since Edgewood has had the Auditorium for Sundays, with great crowds and fine order. The band is coming on good.

COLORS FOR THREE NEW CORPS.

Colors have been presented to three new openings—Boseman, Kallepel and Moscow. All these corps have now a solid fighting force of blood-washed

warriors, and will march on to spread the fame of Gilead's Balm.

DOWN-EASTERS OUT WEST.

There will be some field changes in conjunction with the Commandant's message. Two new officers, "wise women from the East," have arrived in the West, and thereby proved their wisdom. Captains Burton and Seelye will go to appointments in Montana.

WALLACE CAN DO IT!

When our Wallace officers made a trip to Murray, a mining camp in the Cœur d'Alenes, the people came out of their houses and clapped their hands. The town turned out wholesale to hear them during their two days' stay.

IF THEY DON'T FAINT.

We are rushing the Special Campaign and Talent Scheme, and in due season, if we faint not, we will send reports again.



Pistol Shots

Fired by G. B. M. Agent of the Northwest Province.

EVERY TOWN, without exception, is increasing its box-holders.

A SISTER, at one corps, refusing to take the agency, found herself in the same net that disobedience puts everyone, and she wrote me a few days later:—"Dear Captain, I feel the Lord has called me to be an agent for the G. B. M. I had quite a fight for two days about it, but I went right in with all my heart," etc., etc.

RAPID CITY is not an overly fast place, but Sergt.-Major Cox takes in 70 miles around, and although he could not get to all his boxes in the short time given him, he handed me \$5.00. God bless him!

A FIVE-HOUR night drive on the prairie to catch the early train at Brandon for said place. First night, as a drunk was leaving, he fell downstairs, cutting his eye, etc. An S. gets mad and leaves the meeting. Quietness again prevails, when a baby

WHOOPS IN UP.

It gets the flour, and has full possession of the crowd. Thus ends the first meeting, for we had to close down for fear of further outbreaks.

500 MORE BOXES for the Northwest Province.

BRO. HENDERSON, of Brandon, has done his best to push the work, and we are sorry that he is leaving us for another Province. God bless him!

CAPT. WALTON has a big heart. With all the responsibilities of a D. O., also can take in the G. B. M. work, and push it.

THE SLIDES of the "Life of Mrs. Booth" are the best yet; so thinks everybody.

Capt. MacKenzie, P. A.

CANBERRY-60.

We have a handful of trustworthy soldiers here that are determined to fight. God's Spirit is working with us. We saw three precious souls crying to God—two of them for pardon, and one for sanctification—Cadet H. Greenfield.

PETERBORO-350.

We have just closed a good fight. Two out in the holiness meeting; also a little boy on Sunday night—Sergt. Lang.

CALGARY-175.

Lieutenant Hall with us over Sunday, on her way to Edmonton. God came very near in our meetings, and one soul volunteered out from back of hall. Hallelujah!—Lieut. McBride.

MOCSOMIN, N.W.T.-55.

Friday night a brother came to Jesus for pardon. Sunday night devil got mad and tried to kick in the door, but failed. Got madder still, and put a padlock on door in prayer meeting. Sergt.-Major went through the window, got an axe, and broke strap, and spoiled devil's little racket—Drommer.

LIPPINCOTT-225.

War Cry change seems a certain success; not much difficulty in selling out. Wednesday Juniors held fort, led by Tambourine, assisted by Sergt. Langdon and assistants; Juniors had a good pitch-in. D. O. away round his district. Sunday afternoon Major and Mrs. Howell led us on. At night good crowd; one junior forward—One of the 44th.

S. A. TEMPLE-100.

The Holy Ghost is at work; interest on every hand. Souls are coming home at every meeting; last sheep are coming. The War Cry Sergeant sells 200 weekly. Ensign and Mrs. McLean and the Juniors are keeping things on the move. Amen!—Capt. William Lewis, for Ensign McLean.

DESERONTO-100.

Soldiers getting fired up; crowds and interest increasing; and every week souls are coming to God. Hallelujah!—Lieut. May Ward.

CHATHAM, N.B.-110.

After a stay of over six months at St. John V., orders came to proceed to Chatham, where we went right in to do our level best to get them saved. Hearing the news, we were filled with backsliders, we set apart all of last week for them. We invited them along, prayed and pleaded with them to return to the fold, but, sad to say, no one yielded. We have faith in God that hard work, visiting, and prevailing prayer, will bring victory. Captains G. Allan and Moores; Lieut. Selig.

BOWMANVILLE-120.

Hallelujah! Soldiers proper blood and fire crowd, and, although some of them are aged, they stick to their knees in the prayer meeting. They are as good as remembering the euphoric having abundantly supplied us with good things. Sunday night splendid crowd and good order. A brother who had been a backslider for eight years came back to resume his soldiership, he having once fought slavery for four years. God is with us—Ensign Fugle, and better half.

HOLLAND LANDING.

Sergeant Young reports from this outpost that on Sunday night four souls were out for salvation. Two of the prisoners gave up their tobacco.

ORANGEVILLE-55.

This corps reports seven souls. Ensign Byers and a host of visiting officers assisted. Eleven recruits and soldiers enrolled under the flag. Two souls in the fountain at the half night of prayer. Faith runs high for the Talent Scheme target.

YORKVILLE-200.

One soul saved, who takes part in tenting and marching. Riverside Band visiting us for Medical Blizard. Major Collier on hand Sunday night.—Banks and Hanna.

AMHERST-120.

Everybody is happy and rejoicing. Seven souls have been saved. Ensign Crichton gave them a scout-out, says the Sergeant-Major.



Miss Forster, G. B. M. Agent at Dundas, Ont.

SYDNEY-150.

Kenneth Ferguson reports five souls on Friday; two on Saturday; two on Sunday. "Happy Jim" Miller and Bro. Cameron, from Dominion No. 1, gave them a hand at pulling in the nets. Ensign and Mrs. Payne and several other officers on hand. Nineteen souls since last report.

BURIN-25.

Reports eight souls in the fountain. Devil's kingdom coming down; God going up. Capt. Gosling paid them a visit.

LIVERPOOL-140.

Captain Perry and his magk hater paid this corps a visit. Everybody was delighted. We are betting for God, says Lieut. A. Hutt.

CHARLOTTETOWN-325.

Secretary Ellis reports several souls saved lately. Barracks crowded on Sunday night. Had a Grocery Meeting for the poor, and got about \$11 worth of provisions. One woman got saved while visiting. A man and his wife knelt together at the penitent form, seeking salvation.

GANANQUE-120.

Just said "good-bye" to Capt. and Mrs. Walker and Lieut. Norman. They had a grand, successful social, and gave their officers good send-off.

PELLEY'S ISLAND-40.

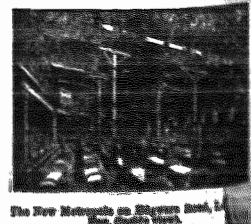
Two souls got saved at a special meeting Wednesday night, and everybody joined in the wind-up to give God the glory.

CRUSADERS' BAND.

Captain H. Morris writes from Minhart, Montana, in the heart of the mountains. His band has visited Bozeman, Brannan and Elliston, and then back to Helena. Five souls were saved at Helena. The Major assisted them with the Rescue Meeting in St. Paul's M. E. church, and from there they went to Great Falls, where they had a musical jubilee, with cake and coffee. Ensign Woolman found the party there, and secured several towns with them with the idea of opening. San Carlos Belt and Mouth were also visited. In crossing between the mountains they were nearly frozen, the thermometer being below zero. The Captain reports no backsliders, and such a hurricane as is never seen before.

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

A report, without the corps name, says the War Cry are solid every week. They are having a visit from the Major and Scribner shortly, who are to enroll some soldiers. Wherever they are they are thrashing the devil.



District Officers Despatches.

TRAVELS AND TRIUMPHS OF A D. O.

(Ensign Alex. McLean, Belleville District.)

TWENTY-FOUR SOULS - 20-MILE DRIVE IN A STORM-PILE AND PARSONS.

I have returned home after visiting the corps in the District. At Deseronto we finished up about 11 p.m., after a hard-fought prayer meeting, with two souls, both promising to be soldiers. The next day we drove twenty miles in a blinding snowstorm, and after a rough time, plowing through snowdrifts and being thrown out of the rig, we arrived at O.K. Capt. and Mrs. Coate had given up all hope of seeing us that night. The Captains had arranged a Pile Social but, owing to the storm, our crowd was small, and after everybody was served with pie, we started in for a good old-time salvation meeting. Before the meeting closed three souls were rejoicing in Christ. At Bloomfield we had a nice little meeting, and something for eternity was done. We have been around the coast considerable, and encountered some rough weather and had some rough passages, but I think my trip to Tweed was the roughest I ever experienced. However, I got there just the same, and we had a nice little meeting. Captain Parsons arranged for a soldier's meeting the next afternoon, after which we marched and announced the meeting for night. When the hands of my watch pointed to ten minutes to eleven we were engaged in a Hallelujah wind-up and giving glory for saving two souls. At Belleville one soul was saved; three souls were captured and a good number wounded. Capt. Kendall has arrived to assist us. We can report 24 souls for the District this week.—Alex. McLean, Ensign.

BAT PORTAGE DISTRICT

TEN SOULS AT PORT ARTHUR—ROUTING THE ENEMY.

The decks have been cleared ready for action at Bat Portage and district. The Commandant's orders are on the field.

Already we hear the report of victory at Port Arthur. In the shape of 10 souls. We have some heavy artillery stationed here. Keep your fire up, Captains, you must go sweeping through the enemy's ranks. Has Fort William been taken by the enemy? No, sir! Capt. Charlton has got a proper never-give-a-spirit. Go it, Captains; we'll pray for you. Victory or death!

"Hands on deck, boys! Here comes Lieut. Bamford, from Kewatin! What's the news, Lieutenant? Have you given up in despair?" "No, sir! We have got two recruits from the enemy, and one is going to make a proper blood and fire officer." "Do you think you will be able to rout the enemy during this campaign?" "With God's help, we're sure to have victory."

But what about the corps at Bat Portage? Our motto is, "Never say die till you're dead." Thank God, we are getting the people thawed out. Our guns have been kept going on the ice, but not a break have we been able to get, but by continual firing, and never quitting, we are bound to win. The enemy has a very strong position, sir, but he must give way. We are making a desperate charge on him.—Capt. Spencer, D. O.

A SALVATION ARMY EVANGELIST.

SPECIALS AROUND THE SPRING-HILL DISTRICT—A VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN.

"Amherst!" shouted the conductor; and we landed on the platform at 12 o'clock midnight. Captain Wright's faith had gone down into his boots. He had been announcing three days' special campaign, but revival meetings, oh, no, they would not arrive. A hit to each, and we returned for a little rest. It seemed that our heads had hardly touched the pillow, when a noise something similar to a fog-horn gave the alarm that

it was time for knee-drill. A few comrades rallied for a refreshing-time. It was a good start. The holiness meeting was a warning-up time. The evangelist was in good trim, and had great liberty. The Holy Ghost came down; hearts were stirred; souls were set on fire; and one wanderer, who had been conquered by the habit and

APPETITE OF TOBACCO, was set at liberty, and praised God for deliverance.



Anst. Gage, the Eastern Prov. Chief Assistant.

The afternoon meeting went like wild-fire; the Christians and soldiers all rejoiced and praised God. The Captain did a little dance; the soldiers shouted for joy, and some of the Christians clapped their hands.

We felt burdened for the night meeting, and our hearts yearned for the salvation of souls. The meeting was one of the old-timers. The Spirit applied the burning truths, hearts began to melt, stubborn wills to bend, and before we had got on our knees to pray one soul was at the mercy-seat. The soldiers worked well, until five had surrendered. The barracks resounded again and again with shouts of praise. The Captain's feelings of disappointment had all fled, and we felt how glad we were to have the privilege of spending our lives in helping to bless poor fallen humanity.

Monday night the soldiers rallied well, and one wanderer returned to the fold, making seven for pardon at Amherst.

At Maclean we changed cars, and were met by Mrs. Ensign Bradley, the better half of

THE FAR-FAMED SAMUEL

Bradley. A meeting had been arranged at Silver Hebert, in the Union Church. Bro. Theat met us at the station, and with his war-horse Harry drove us to his nice, comfortable home. The meeting was a good one, with the church filled. The people at first felt a little strange, but Mrs. Bradley, with her free, happy style—with her mule and song—soon captivated the crowd. One soul sought salvation. The good people here love the Army, and the probabilities are that we will open a circle corps here. The next day we proceeded to

SPRING HILL.

The soldiers' meeting at night was a good one. Our souls were set on fire. Thursday the Ensign accompanied us to

PAIRSBORO'.

A number of souls have been saved lately, and they are getting ready for an enrollment. Our crowd was small, on account of counter attractions, but we had a good meeting. Comrades, we're behind the times.

THE DEVIL'S ATTRACTIONS

take the crowd. We want more attractions, our marches, and more desperate efforts in the open air to attract the crowd.

Friday night, public meeting at Spring Hill, musical march, and a good lively time. Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Bradley, we proceeded to

PUGWASH FOR THE SUNDAY.

The crowds were small, but God wonderfully helped us, and the people in the Sunday night meeting were moved by the power of God. Two held up their hands, desiring to be saved. The officers and soldiers were blessed and encouraged.—Evangelist.

Worldly conformity is having its sore effects in negating a true spiritual awakening of genuine repentance.

NEEPAWA-60.

The night of prayer was a success; two got for salvation. One got saved the next night. Two promised God to be soldiers.—Sydney Fleenor.

HALIFAX L-50Q.

Captains Kendray and Lieut. Green have arrived. A few souls since last report, and altogether we have much to encourage us.

BARRIE-220.

Victory in the WEEK OF RECONCILIATION. The War Cry all sold out. God gave us a good Sunday of victory; one soul at the cross. We are going ahead in faith.—Sergeant S. Bennett, for Ensign Moore.

NEEPAWA-60.

Good day's fight. Four in the fountain, and a lot more in pickle.—Wilkins, Campbell & Co.

GRAND FORKS, T. G.-125.

One soul on Monday night cried to God for mercy. On Sunday evening Ensign Gale prayed that we might have six souls and, Hallelujah! six souls came out and knelt at the pentent form. We are all on fire.—Cadet M. Hammond.

WAMPETON, N. DAKOTA-60.

Ten souls the past week. One man and his wife came out and got properly saved, who said they ought to have come out long ago. Things are on the rise; crowds good, collections good, and we are making a move among the children; also War Cry go good.—Lieut. H. Petch, for Ensign Luc.

WINDSOR, N. S.-280.

At the half night of prayer, led by Adj. Gage, a number caught and obtained the blessing of a clean heart. This week seven have been enrolled, and twelve local officers have been commissioned. W-r Cry sold out.—A. Boggs, for Ensign Galt.

GLACE BAY-200.

The past week three have knelt at the mercy seat and found the Saviour. Last night we dedicated our bass drum to God and the Army. Everybody is getting to love the dear old drum.—M. E. Bennett, Capt.

GRAND FORKS T. G.-125.

Since last report seven souls in the fortnight have been saved. Ensign Gale was away to Fargo; Capt. Harkirk went to Winnipeg for a rest, and Cadet Greenfield has left the Training Garrison for Carberry.—Cadet W. G. Burns.

VIRDFN, MAN.-75.

The devil is getting licked, and sinners are getting saved. Another Hallelujah! fiddler on the platform. Since last report there have been six soldiers and three brothers out for salvation. Capt. McKenzie, G. R. M., here. Fine meetings. Knee-drill Sunday; twenty present.—Business.

BRIDGETOWN-100.

Welcome to Adjutant Gage and Ensign Galt. We had a very nice meeting; no one got saved.—Lieut. Olive Clarke, for Capt. L. Bishop.

HOLLAND'S LANDING.

The cottage meeting held at the residence of Sergeant Young last Friday evening was well attended. Mr. J. Alex. Moffatt, the well-known war correspondent from Newmarket, was present, and was warmly welcomed. Mr. Moffatt was announced to speak on "Life Behind the Scenes, and the People We Meet" but owing to so much time being taken up in the opening exercises, the Sergeant arranged with Mr. Moffatt to address the meeting on the above subject at an early date. He however, gave a short address which was listened to with rapt attention and was very much appreciated. The meeting closed with a real hot prayer meeting.—Newmarket Era.

SYDNEY-150.

The S. A. made a raid on Fort Darkness, brought back two prisoners. Sunday night we converted the enemy and captured three. "Happy Jim" Miller was with us, and more than damaged the devil's corn-field. K. J. is watching some sheep stealers, and they had better stay in the bush.—Kearney Ferguson.

A Western Warrior.

Capt. M. Green was stationed at Portage in Prairie nearly twelve months, but has recently been furloughed and sent to the Regina District as D. O. She was assisted by her sister.



Capt. M. Green, Regina, N.W.T.

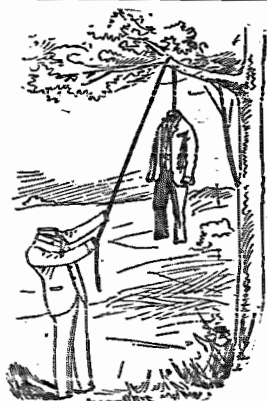
During her stay a new brick and stone barracks was built by Contractor James Hatch, the corps secretary, at a cost of \$5,400. The Major, ex-Mayors, two M. P.'s, and other prominent citizens contributed most generously to the building fund; one farmer in the vicinity giving \$80.

One hundred souls were saved, and the soldiers' roll was lengthened considerably. Meetings were held weekly in the hall. The J. S. work was organized, and the Company classes set on a solid footing.

Among the events recorded in the corps' history was the great camp meeting last summer, and a Hallelujah Wedding. Several children were dedicated to the war, and three funerals were conducted. The brass band, of ten or twelve players, was reorganized, the band-master travelling thirteen miles every Sunday to meetings.

It is no sign that you are wrong because some one wants to cowhide you, or egg you, or mob you, or curse you. You get your standard of conduct and speech from God, and not from men.

I find to be cleansed from sin is one thing, but to be filled with God is much more. I do beg that we may have all that the Lord has promised. Do not tarry my dear brother, run into all the salvation; and may I meet you in one of the first places in Heaven.—Bramwell.



HANGING CLOTHES THAT DON'T FIT

Try the S. A. Tailoring Department next time, brother. Suits \$9.00 to \$20.00.

NOW YOU MUSICAL PEOPLE.—We have a few second-hand concertinas, first-class, ranging from \$10 to \$17. These are concertinas; not toys for children to play with, but musical instruments that you can hold half an mile away; suited to your voice. It will save your throat and help you in God's work. Now then, send us your order.—Staff-Capt. Horn, S. A., Albert Street, Toronto.

PALMERSTON BRASS BAND.



1. Sis. Blodgett. 2. Sis. Dixon. 3. Bro. Broughton. 4. Bro. Dixon. 5. Capt. Brant. 6. Bro. Ball. 7. Bro. F. Bridges. 8. Bandmaster Ball. 9. Ensign Dowell. 10. Bro. Blodgett. 11. Sis. Lang. 12. Bro. Hawkes. 13. Ensign Orelighten. 14. Bro. Shaw. 15. Mrs. Ensign Dowell. 16. Bro. Tarlin.

The Palmerston S. A. Brass Band was formed by Ensign Maltby. It then consisted of two first cornets, one second cornet, one tenor, one valve trombone, and a circular bass. Only three of the instruments were corps property. The boys were at a great disadvantage, as none of them understood music, and they did not have a regular teacher. However, they

"pumped" away on the old dilapidated horns until Capt. Neate came, and he helped them a good deal.

There was another hindrance—lack of instruments; and just as soon as Ensign Dowell took charge he made up his mind to remedy that the first chance he had.

One day, while visiting, he overheard a conversation. It amounted to this:—that a farmer living a few

miles from here had a set of band instruments. He went, in company with one of the band-boys, to see the man. The upshot of the matter is just this—that he got a set of 13 instruments, including two drums, for the sum of \$65.

Since getting the new instruments (which, by the way, are worth about \$100) several new players have been added, namely, Sisters Dixon, Lang,

and M. Blodgett, and Bros. Dixon, Hawke and Tarlin. In conclusion, let me say that the bandsmen and women not only play fairly well, but can pray well. We are determined not to let the devil crawl into our hearts by way of the horn. We have the debt all cleared off, and are in for getting souls saved, and making them into soldiers.—Yours at the Cross, Soprano E. flat.

OUR SOLDIERS' ASSEMBLY.

Major Streeton Has a Word.

BEWARE.

DO NOT BE UNCHARITABLE. You do not wish to be thought so, therefore do nothing that would give your actions the appearance of uncharitableness.

If a comrade has wavered, wait! Judge not at the moment; things are not always what they appear to be.

Some one has said, "The one supreme WRONG moment in which to judge a man is when the subtlety of temptation or the frenzy of passion is master of him. He is then possessed—LET HIM COME TO HIMSELF." Let him take time to reflect, to reconsider, to go over the ground again, and then in all probability he will see things which perhaps selfishly and you will then find the true man, by the coming to himself. It is unwise to judge men by their actions at a moment when temptation is severe, and when

THE GLITTER OF THE OBJECT

before them has overcome them. WAIT, and you shall see the better part of the man when you look upon the result of his reconsideration. By waiting, you may notice he is anxious to restore, and when there can be seen signs of restitution then you see the man in the light of which he should be judged. Do we not thou pity and show our eagerness to befriend him?

What would have become of us in the hour of weakness, when the good that was within us was not put foremost, had some one not been charitable and considerate toward us?

Did we not thank God for that one who stood by and helped carry our burden? We not only praised God, showed our gratitude to the one who thus relieved us in that bitter and sorrowful moment—perhaps the most bitter in our career, but we vowed that we would, when an opportunity came, endeavor to help lift the burden of the stumbling one, and if possible lessen the weight of the fall.

Major Streeton.

Knee-Drill Song.

Tune.—"Jesus is Strong to Deliver."

First Voice—
Why are you backward and timid?
In prayer meetings your voice is still;

Second Voice—
I know it is so;

Well, say, don't you know
You'd victory get at knee-drill?

Chorus for First Voice.

Come along, then, to the knee-drill,
Jesus will there bless you in prayer;
Come along, then, to the knee-drill,
That you in the blessing may share.

Second Voice—
But then I am weak and so nervous
In public I never can pray;

First Voice—
Oh, that is all vain, you would victory gain
If Jesus you would but obey.

First Voice—Chorus.

Second Voice—
But then I need rest on the Sunday—
I labor so hard every day;

First Voice—
Well that may be so, but then don't
You know
The blessing would more than repay?

Second Voice—
But then, on the cold winter mornings
More pleasant it is to lie still;

First Voice—
Well if you so choose, a blessing you'll lose

By not coming to the knee-drill.

Second Voice—
But then, when I'm tired and sleepy,
I would so much rather lie still;

First Voice—
Think how Jesus did do, prayed all
The night through—
Then get up and come to knee-drill.

Second Voice—
But then it's so early on Sunday,
You know that's the day we should rest;

First Voice—
Christ rose from the dead, can't you
Free from your bed,
For the sake of your soul's being
blest?

Second Voice—
But how could I wake Sunday mornings
To go, if I did have the will?
First Voice—
Why Jesus so true, by trusting Him to,
Will wake you in time for knee-drill.

Chorus for Second Voice.
I'll come along, then, to the knee-drill,
If Jesus will there bless me in prayer;
I'll come along, then, to the knee-drill,
If I in the blessing may share.

(The first chorus will be sung by first voice alone after each verse. Then, after the second chorus has been sung alone once by second voice, both voices will sing their respective choruses together.)

Mrs. L. Colver, Sec., Since.

THE FAREWELL CAMPAIGN.

How's the C.P.O.'s Faith?

Prov. Sec. Howell holds out good hopes of his Province in the above great effort. He has apportioned the various corps' goals, and in reply to the query addressed to each F. O., "Will you reach it?" (the goal), has received the following replies:

PARRY SOUND.—Yes.
OSHAWA.—By God's grace.
FEVERSHAM AND LITTLE CCR-RENT.—Yes.

BRACEBRIDGE.—All but candidates.
WHITBY.—Oh, yes; over-top.

LINDSAY.—Yes.
ACROIA.—Yes, with the exception of candidates, and that's a query.
SHELBURNE.—Yes.

FENELON FALLS.—Can't say; will try hard.

OWEN SOUND.—No; no candidates.
RIVERSIDE.—We will do our best.
RICHMOND.—Yes, sir!

LISGAR.—Will have a try for it.
YORKVILLE.—Have a great big try.
DUNDAS.—With God's help; we will do our best.

OHILLIA.—Aye, aye, sir!
HUNTSVILLE.—With God's help, yes.

ORANGEVILLE.—Yes.
LIPINCOTT.—Most of it.
CHESELEY.—We will try.

GRAVENHURST.—Yes.
TORONTO TEMPLE.—Yes, and more I dare believe.

HAMILTON L.—We are believing for it.
ST. CATHARINES.—I believe we will.

NEWMARKET.—Will do our best.
ONIMEE.—Will do my best.
TARBURTON.—I cannot say.

BY

and soldiers. There is no more divided way to
spread the message than by increasing the circulation
of **THE WAR CRY**, which is directed, not
simply to sustain and intensify the devotion of the
Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more
vigilant and energetic attitude upon the home front
of the United One, and the more confident faith to
support the flagmen of our Lord and savior, Jesus
Christ.

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